

SPOTLIGHT

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THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS



BUMBLEBEE

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BUMBLEBEE

THE TRANSFORMERS



STORY SO FAR:

A great danger has called the Autobots back to Cybertron—except for Bumblebee and a few others, who have some important duties to perform on Earth...

(Editor's note: This story takes place during the events of Transformers, Vol. 6: Police Action)

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MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE BEST WAY TO *START* MY STORY.

(IT DEFINITELY DOESN'T PAINT *ME* IN THE MOST *FLATTERING* LIGHT).

BUT THIS IS WHERE THINGS GET *EXCITING*. SEE, RIGHT NOW I'M *OUTMATCHED*, *OUTGUNNED*, AND I'M PRETTY MUCH *OUT OF OPTIONS*.

HOW DID I *GET* HERE?

I GUESS THE STORY *REALLY* STARTS A FEW *MILLION* YEARS AGO—*AUTOBOTS* VERSUS *DECEPTICONS*, ALL THAT STUFF.

OUR *WAR* PRETTY MUCH *ENDED* A COUPLE YEARS AGO, AND SINCE THEN, WE'VE MADE OUR HOME ON *EARTH*. UNTIL—A COUPLE DAYS AGO—WE GOT WORD THAT THERE WAS A *CRISIS* ON OUR HOMEWORLD, *CYBERTRON*.

OPTIMUS PRIME LED MOST OF THE *AUTOBOTS* BACK. HE LEFT *ME* HERE, IN CHARGE OF A FEW 'BOTS. WE HAD SOME LOOSE ENDS TO TAKE CARE OF—

—ONE OF WHICH BRINGS US TO THIS *DECEPTICON* FIST SMASHING INTO MY FACE...

...BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF. *THAT* STORY REALLY GOT STARTED YESTERDAY.

BUMBLEBEE
TO ALL POINTS.
STATUS.



HOT SPOT
HERE. I DON'T
KNOW *WHY* I'M
HERE, BUT I'M
HERE, BEE.

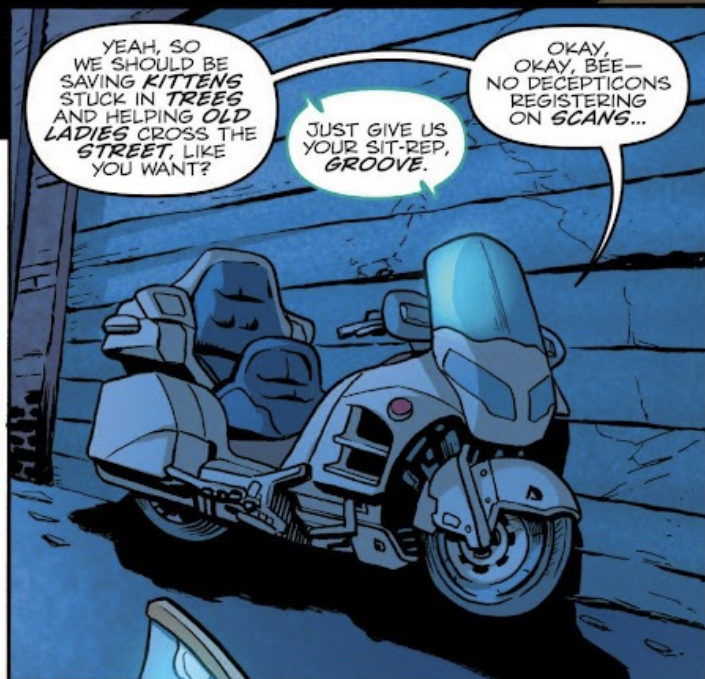
I MEAN, THE
WAR'S OVER—WE
SHOULDN'T BE
LOOKING FOR
MORE FIGHTS.



YEAH, SO
WE SHOULD BE
SAVING *KITTENS*
STUCK IN *TREES*
AND HELPING *OLD*
LADIES CROSS THE
STREET, LIKE
YOU WANT?

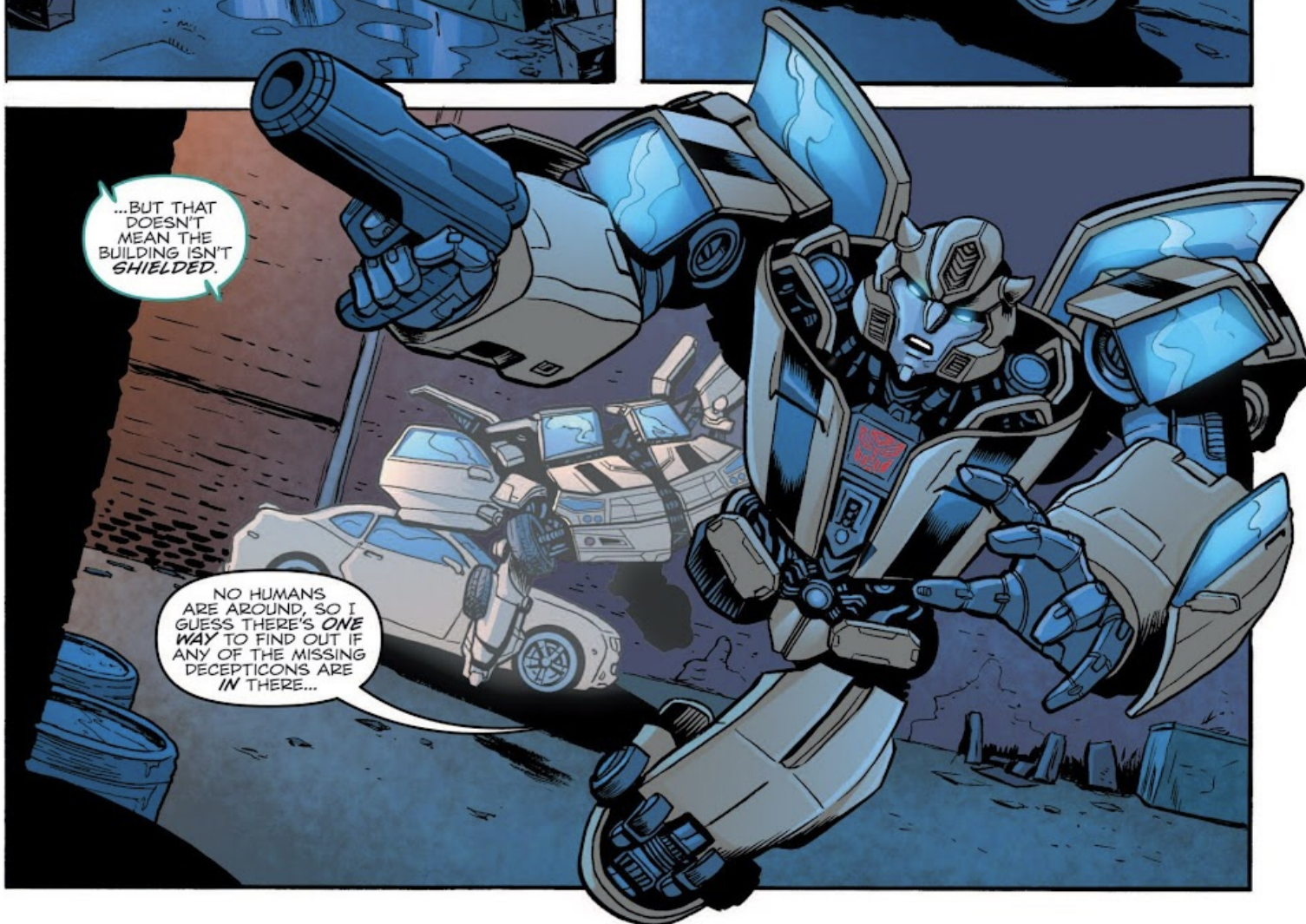
JUST GIVE US
YOUR SIT-REP,
GROOVE.

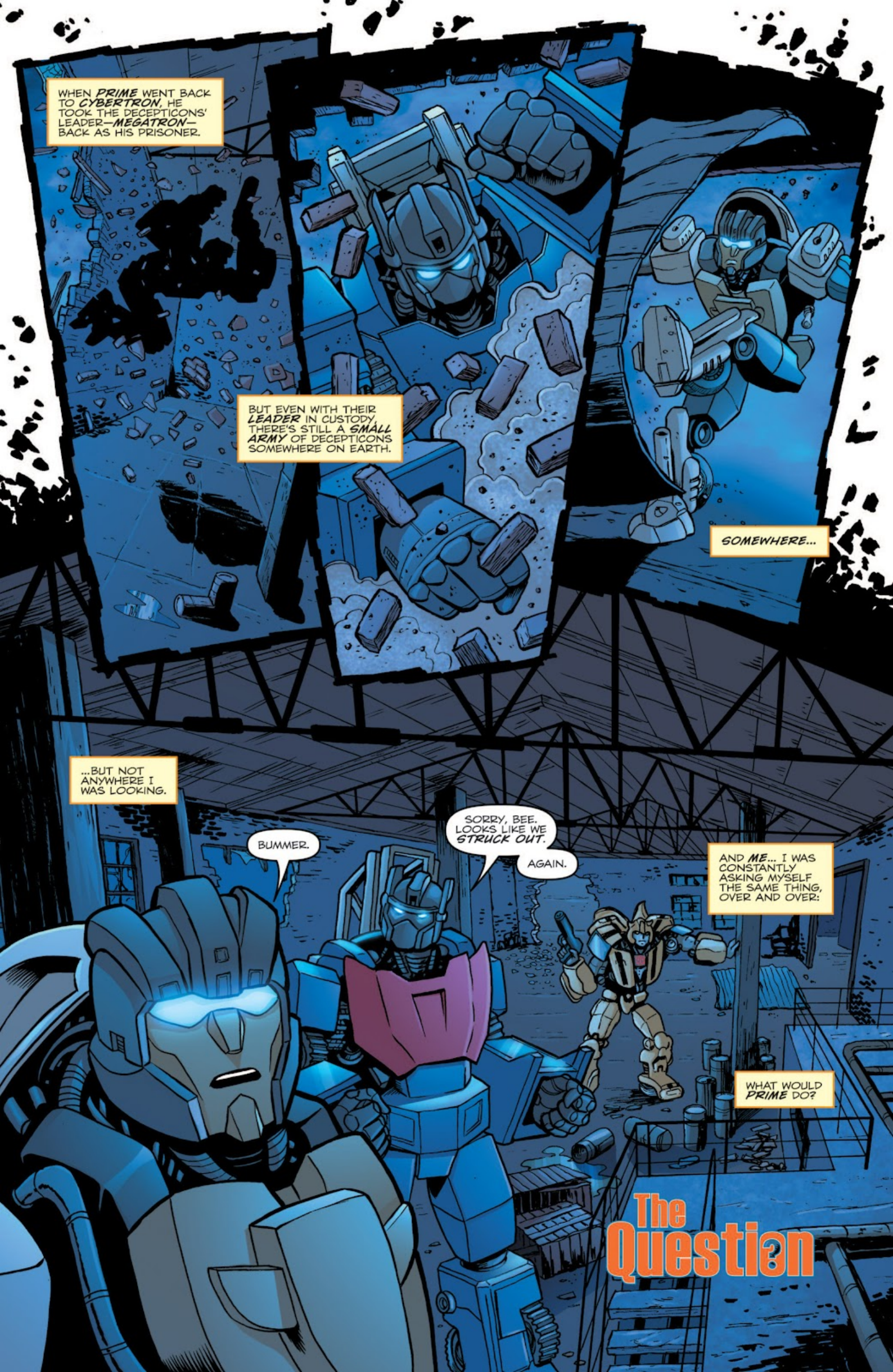
OKAY,
OKAY, BEE—
NO DECEPTICONS
REGISTERING
ON *SCANS*...



...BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN THE
BUILDING ISN'T
SHIELDED.

NO HUMANS
ARE AROUND, SO I
GUESS THERE'S *ONE*
WAY TO FIND OUT IF
ANY OF THE MISSING
DECEPTICONS ARE
IN THERE...





WHEN *PRIME* WENT BACK TO *CYBERTRON*, HE TOOK THE DECEPTICONS' LEADER—*MEGATRON*—BACK AS HIS PRISONER.

BUT EVEN WITH THEIR LEADER IN CUSTODY, THERE'S STILL A SMALL ARMY OF DECEPTICONS SOMEWHERE ON EARTH.

SOMEWHERE...

...BUT NOT ANYWHERE I WAS LOOKING.

BUMMER.

SORRY, BEE. LOOKS LIKE WE STRUCK OUT.

AGAIN.

AND *ME*... I WAS CONSTANTLY ASKING MYSELF THE SAME THING, OVER AND OVER:

WHAT WOULD *PRIME* DO?

The
Question



NOW—

—I MEAN, *RIGHT NOW*, WHILE I'M GETTING MY *PRIDE* HANDED TO ME ONE *FIST* AT A TIME...

...I'M ACTUALLY ASKING MYSELF, "HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?"

MAYBE THAT ISN'T RIGHT FOR A *LEADER* TO ASK. BUT, YOU KNOW—I DON'T *FEEL* LIKE MUCH OF A LEADER. IT'S SO EASY FOR PRIME—EVERYBODY LISTENS TO HIM, AND HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TO *DO*.

ME? I HAVE A *LOT* TO *LEARN*. I KNOW THAT. UNFORTUNATELY, EVERYBODY *ELSE* KNOWS IT, TOO.

I MEAN, LOOK AT THESE DECEPTICONS... THEY WERE VERY *CAREFULLY*, VERY *DELIBERATELY* STAYING *ONE STEP* AHEAD OF ME.

THEY WERE DOING THAT THING THAT MAKES A GROUP OF... OF *GUYS*—

—INTO AN *ARMY*.

THEY WERE *ACTING AS ONE*. UNFORTUNATELY...

...I WASN'T ABLE TO GET **MY** ARMY WORKING LIKE THAT.

WE HAVE MORE **IMPORTANT** CONCERNS, BEE...

...THIS PLANET IS AT A **BOILING POINT**. THE PEOPLE OF EARTH **FEAR** US, AND THEY **HATE** US, AND IF ANYTHING **GOES WRONG**—

AND IT ALWAYS **DOES!**

STAY OUT OF THIS, **STREETWISE**.

IF ANYTHING **GOES WRONG** WITH OUR FEW **HUMAN FRIENDS**...

YEAH, I KNOW, **PROWL**—YOU'RE LOOKING INTO THE ACTIVITIES OF OUR **ALLIES**...

...WELL, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO **THINK** ABOUT WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF ANYTHING **BAD** WAS GOING ON.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, BEE. I CAN **HANDLE** THOSE THOUGHTS.

OKAY—BUT WE'VE GOT A SITUATION WITH THE **DECEPTICONS**, TOO. YOU'RE RIGHT, THE PEOPLE OF EARTH **FEAR** US—

—BECAUSE EVER SINCE THEY **LEARNED** WE **EXIST**, ALL WE'VE DONE IS GIVE THEM **REASONS** TO.



YOU MEAN THE DECEPTICONS HAVE.

YEAH, EXACTLY. AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS A GROUP OF DECEPTICONS GETTING READY TO DO PRIMUS-KNOWS-WHAT AND WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!

LIVES ARE IN DANGER!



THAT IS NEVER OUT OF MY MIND, BUMBLEBEE.

NEVER.

I'M TRYING TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD, BUT MY JOB—MY LIFE—IS ABOUT LOOKING OUT FOR THE GREATER GOOD.



YES, THE DECEPTICONS ARE A THREAT, BUT THEY'RE ONE WE UNDERSTAND. WHAT I'M INVESTIGATING HAS THE POTENTIAL FOR MORE DANGER.

WHEN I'VE FINISHED THIS, I'LL MOVE ON TO THE DECEPTICONS. YOU JUST KEEP AN EYE OUT AND MAKE SURE THEY DON'T TRY ANYTHING IN THE MEANTIME.



GROOVE—YOU'RE WITH ME.

WHAT? NO, GROOVE WAS HELPING—

I HAVE A TASK FOR HIM.



NO, WAIT, HANG ON, PROWL—I'M IN CHARGE HERE!



WHAT?
COME ON.

THIS ISN'T
ABOUT BEING IN
CHARGE. IT'S
ABOUT BEING
RIGHT.



"I'M IN
CHARGE."

OPTIMUS
PRIME WOULD
NEVER PUT UP
WITH THAT KIND
OF PROCEDURAL
NONSENSE.



THAT 'BOT
IS INTENSE.

YEAH.



I WONDER WHY
HE DIDN'T WANT
ME WITH HIM,
THOUGH.

I MEAN, *YOU*,
I GET IT—YOU'RE
STILL PRETTY BADLY
DAMAGED FROM
THAT HIT YOU TOOK
A FEW WEEKS BACK,
RIGHT? GOTTA USE
THAT *CANE* OF
YOURS.

UH... I
THINK I NEED
SOME TIME
ALONE.



OH, YEAH.
SURE. I MEAN,
I KNOW YOU'LL
GET ALL REPAIRED
UP SOON! BUT IT'S,
UH, *GOOD* TO
GET SOME
ALONE-TIME,
BEE.



THAT'S WHEN IT DAWNED
ON ME. "ALONE."

WE KNEW WHERE EXACTLY
ONE DECEPTICON WAS...



...AND HE WASN'T
HERE WITH THIS GUY,
BEATING ME UP.

SEE, DECEPTICONS
ARE PRETTY **TOUGH**
CUSTOMERS. AND WE'D
BUILT UP SOME PRETTY
STRONG **ANIMOSITY**
BETWEEN OUR TWO SIDES,
OVER THE PAST FEW
MILLION YEARS OF
NON-STOP WAR...

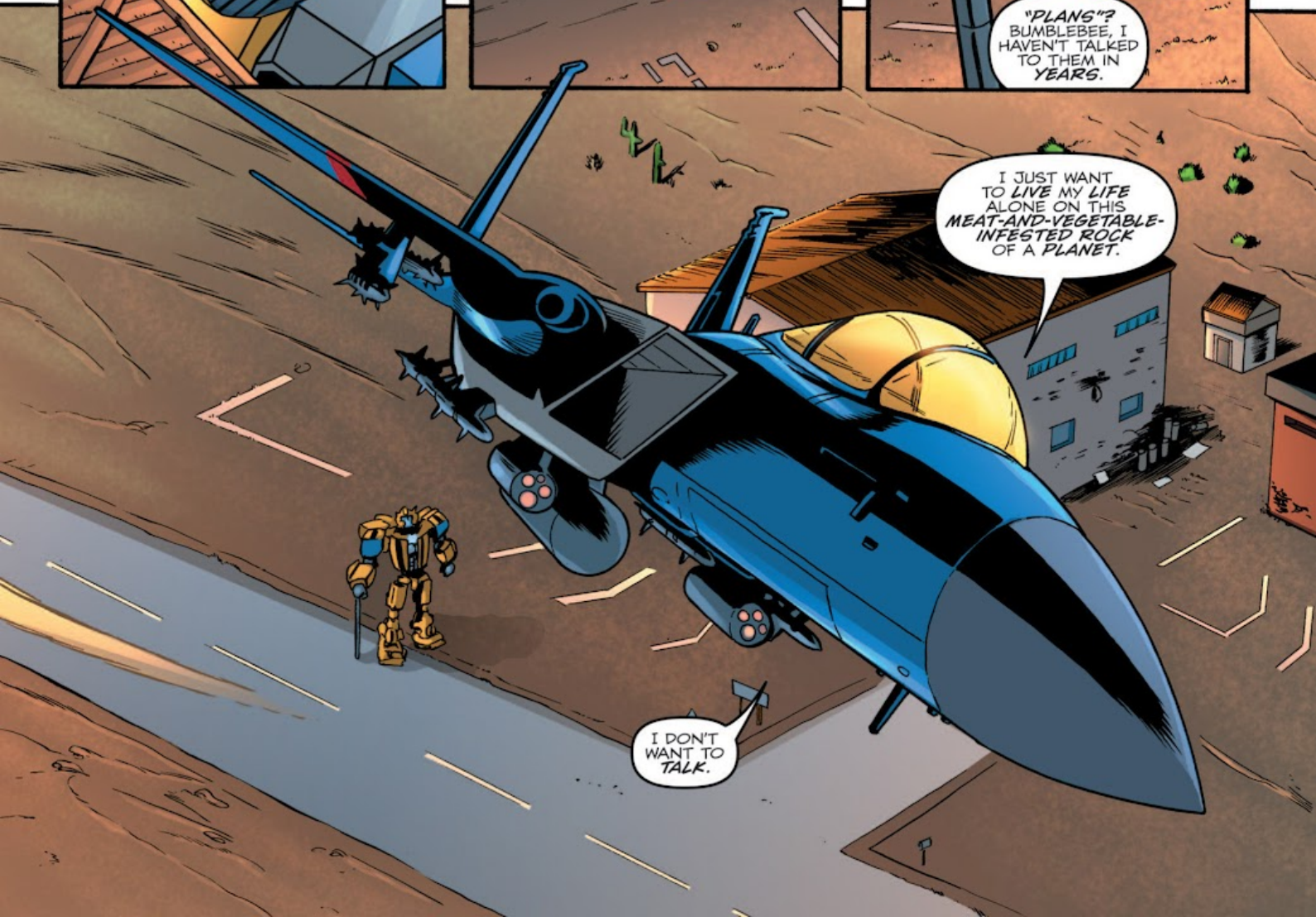
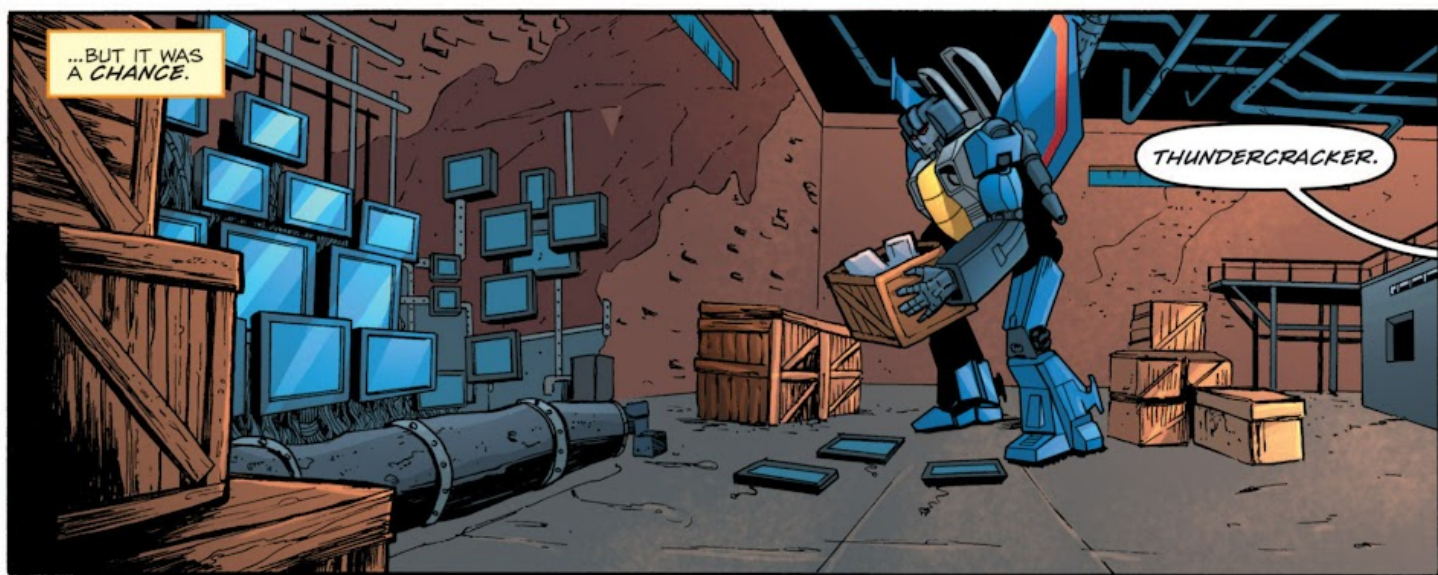
...WHICH IS WHY **THIS**
GUY ISN'T GIVING ME
MUCH OF A CHANCE TO
TALK THINGS OUT.

BUT THERE WAS **ONE**
DECEPTICON THAT I **HAVE**
TALKED TO... HE'D EVEN
HELPED US BEFORE.

HE'S BEEN **QUESTIONING**
THE DECEPTICONS'
METHODS—THEIR
CAUSE—FOR A VERY
LONG TIME.

NOT THAT HE REALLY
LIKED **US** MUCH, EITHER,
TO BE HONEST. BUT HE
AND I, WE HAVE A **PAST**.

SO IT WAS A
SLIM CHANCE...

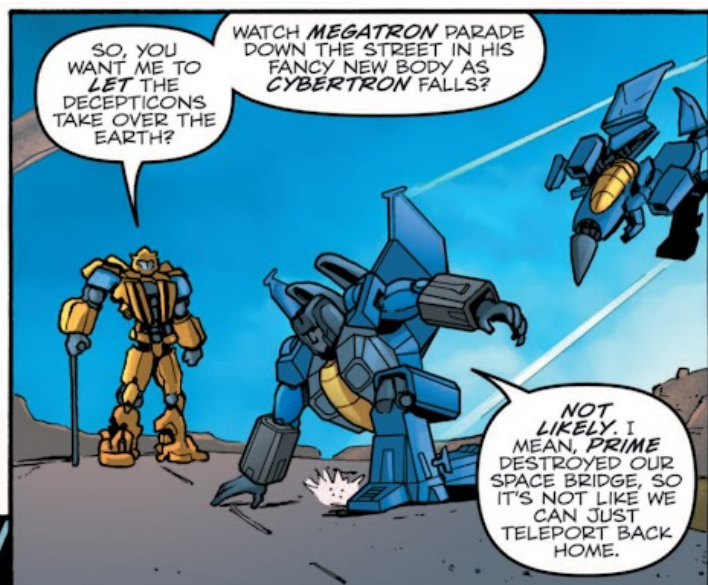






LOOK AT ME. I'M CONTENT WITH MY NEW LIFE.

I'M NOT SUITED TO LEADING BATTLE-CHARGES OR BLASTING AUTOBOTS. IT'S OKAY NOT TO BE THE LEADER.



SO, YOU WANT ME TO LET THE DECEPTICONS TAKE OVER THE EARTH?

WATCH MEGATRON PARADE DOWN THE STREET IN HIS FANCY NEW BODY AS CYBERTRON FALLS?

NOT LIKELY. I MEAN, PRIME DESTROYED OUR SPACE BRIDGE, SO IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN JUST TELEPORT BACK HOME.



EVEN IF YOU DID, ALL YOU'D FIND IS PRIME LEADING A TON OF AUTOBOTS WITH MEGATRON LOCKED UP IN A CELL.

HUH. I HADN'T REALLY CONSIDERED THAT.

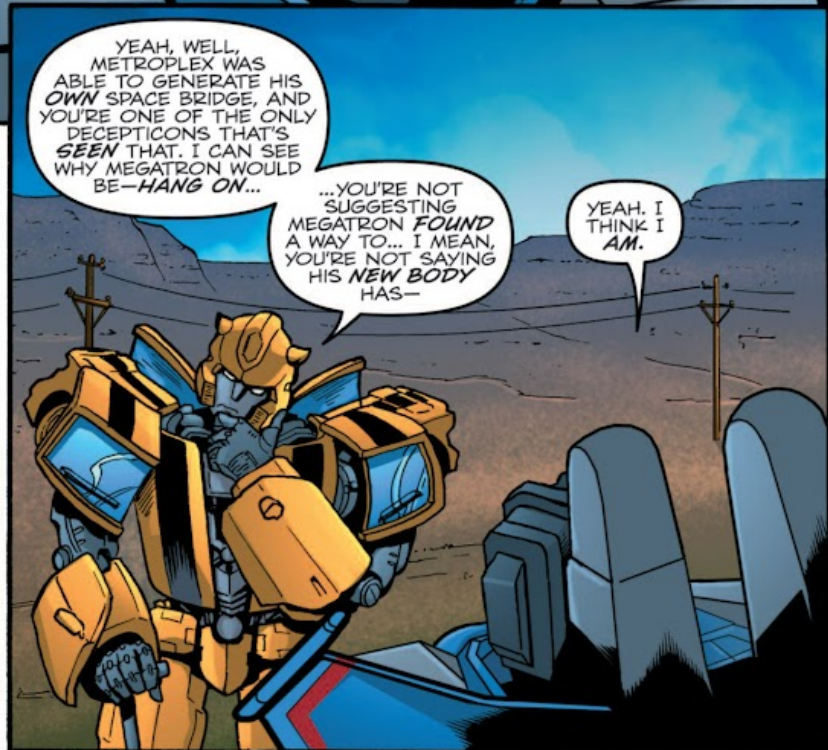
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WELL, BUILDING THE SPACE BRIDGE TOOK SOME DOING, RIGHT?.

WE WERE RESTORING A TECHNOLOGY THAT, FOR A VERY LONG TIME, WE ALL THOUGHT WAS LOST.

BUT MEGATRON KEPT PRESSING ME ABOUT METROPLEX. ABOUT THE TIME YOU AND I ENCOUNTERED HIM...



YEAH, WELL, METROPLEX WAS ABLE TO GENERATE HIS OWN SPACE BRIDGE, AND YOU'RE ONE OF THE ONLY DECEPTICONS THAT'S SEEN THAT. I CAN SEE WHY MEGATRON WOULD BE—HANG ON...

...YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING MEGATRON FOUND A WAY TO... I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT SAYING HIS NEW BODY HAS—

YEAH. I THINK I AM.



LOOK... I KNOW I STILL HAVE RECORDS OF THE RADIATION SIGNATURE OF METROPLEX'S SPACE BRIDGE SOMEWHERE IN MY OLD FILES.

BUT THAT'S ALL I HAVE FOR YOU. THIS ISN'T MY FIGHT.

MAYBE NOT—



—BUT IT SURE
IS *MINE*.

STILL—I PROBABLY
SHOULDN'T BE HERE
ALONE, TRYING TO AVOID
GETTING *BLASTED* TO
SMITHEREENS.

I DIDN'T *WANT* TO
GO OUT BY MYSELF—
BUT WHEN I CALLED
HEADQUARTERS,
STREETWISE AND
PROWL WERE *OUT*
AGAIN, *GROOVE* WAS
OFF ON A MISSION
FOR *PROWL*—HECK,
EVERYBODY WAS
WORKING HIS
OPERATION.

THAT LEFT *ME*. A
LEADER WITH NO ONE
TO *COMMAND* AND,
FRANKLY, NOT MUCH
IDEA HOW TO COMMAND
ANYBODY, ANYWAY.

GETTING SHOT AT—*THAT*
I'M AN EXPERT ON.

ANYWAY, I SHOULD
PROBABLY GET USED
TO BEING ALONE...

...LIKE I SAID, WE'D
DONE A GOOD JOB AT
WEARING OUT OUR
WELCOME ON EARTH.

WE'D *HID*, *DECEIVED*,
AND JUST BASICALLY
DONE EVERYTHING IN
OUR POWER TO MAKE
HUMANS *SUSPICIOUS*
OF US, AND I WAS AS
GUILTY AS *ANYBODY*...



...BUT ALONG THE WAY, I'D MADE A FRIEND OR TWO.

I HAVE TO ADMIT...

DARKMATTER
LOGIC



...I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

YEAH, I WASN'T REALLY SURE HOW YOU'D REACT TO SEEING ME, DR. BHARMANEY...

YOU SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE.



ONLY AFTER I PUT HER IN DANGER.



I KNOW THAT WASN'T YOUR INTENTION. BUT YOU—YOU DOUBT YOURSELF, AND YOU SHOW THAT DOUBT TO ALL. THAT'S NOT DOING YOU ANY FAVORS WITH YOUR TROOPS, IS IT?

BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? I'M JUST A SCIENTIST.



ANYWAY, HERE'S SOMETHING. I CAN ACCESS SPECTROGRAPHS AT ALL OUR FACILITIES, AND THE RADIATION SIGNATURE YOU GAVE ME—

—IT'S VERY UNIQUE. NOT LIKE ANYTHING ON EARTH.

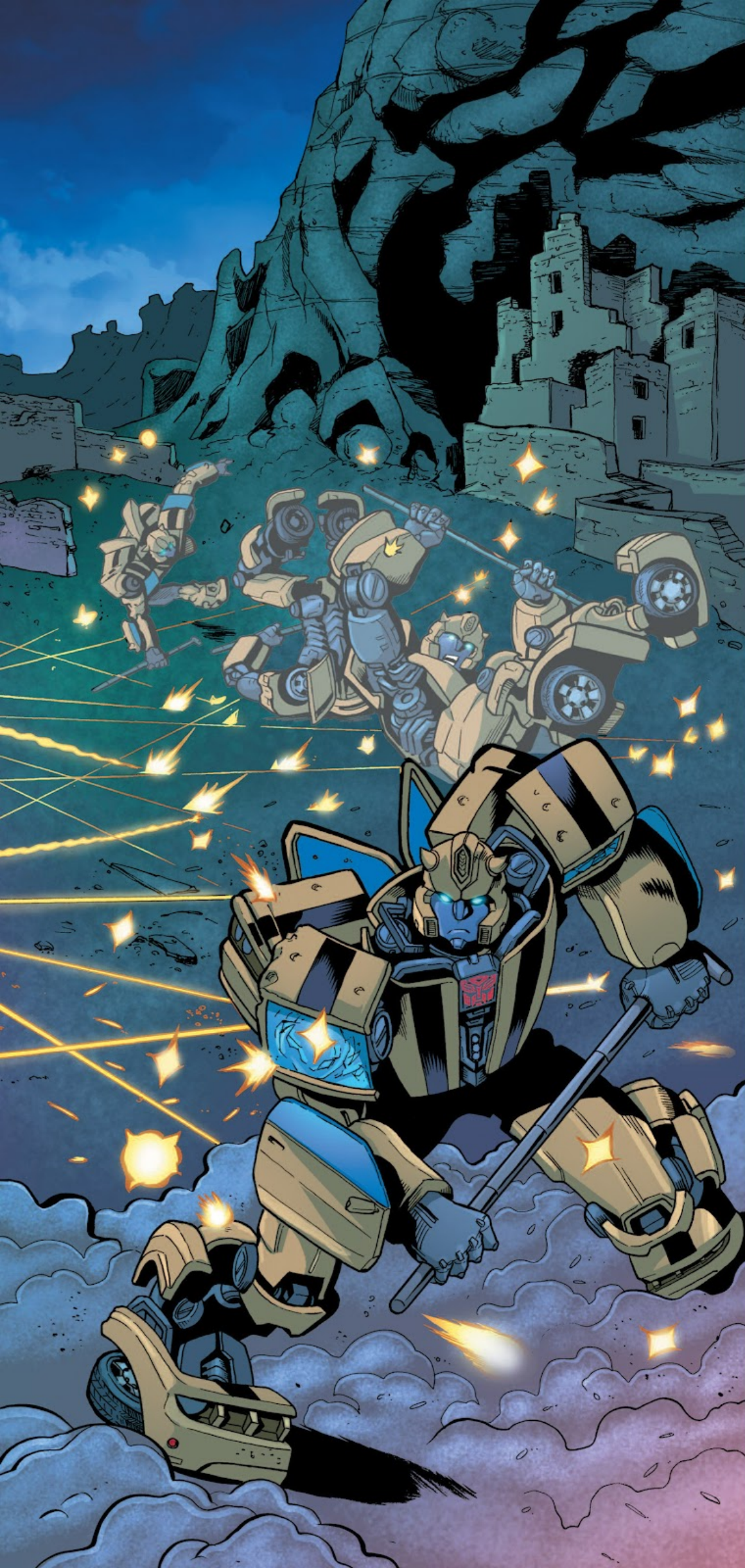
IT'S UNIQUE ON CYBERTRON, AS WELL, DR. BHARMANEY.



SANJAY. CALL ME SANJAY. AND I DON'T PRESUME TO IMAGINE THAT YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT IT DOES.

ANYWAY, I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.

DR. BHARMANEY—I MEAN, SANJAY—HAD EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...



...A LOCATION.

AN ANCIENT NATIVE AMERICAN STRUCTURE, THAT MUST'VE PROVIDED THE RIGHT **SUB-AETHERIAL ACOUSTICS** FOR THE **SPACE BRIDGE**—THE FASTEST, MOST EFFICIENT METHOD OF **TRANSPORTATION** POSSIBLE.

OTHER KINDS OF SPACE TRAVEL REQUIRE DAYS—SOMETIMES **MONTHS**—TO TRAVEL BETWEEN **STARS**.

WITH A **SPACE BRIDGE**, THE JOURNEY IS **INSTANTANEOUS**.

AND THE **TITANS**—LIKE **METROPLEX**, THE FIRST AND **GREATEST** OF THEM ALL—HAVE THEIR **OWN** SPACE BRIDGES.

LEGEND TELLS US THE TITANS USED THEIR **BRIDGES** TO CARRY **PRIMUS** AND THE **GUIDING HAND** ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

PERSONALLY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN **OLD SUPERSTITIONS**, BUT...

...I KNOW FOR A FACT **THAT** TECHNOLOGY IS **REAL**, AND I CAN'T RISK THE POSSIBILITY THAT MEGATRON HAS GOTTEN A **HOLD** OF IT.

IF HE LET HIMSELF BE TAKEN **PRISONER**—KNOWING HE'S GOT AN **ARMY** READY TO RIDE HIS SPACE BRIDGE BACK TO OUR **HOMEWORLD**—

—WELL, I THOUGHT
OPTIMUS PRIME
AND THE **OTHERS**
NEEDED MY **HELP**.

BUMBLEBEE TO
HEADQUARTERS—
CAN YOU READ
ME?

PROWL?

ANYBODY?

BUT THAT WOULD
BE *WAY* TOO EASY.


THERE WAS MY
DECEPTICON ARMY—

—AND THEY HAD THE
WHOLE **SPECTRUM**
JAMMED. I GUESS I WAS
LUCKY THE **SPACE**
BRIDGE RADIATION IS SO
RARE THEY DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO **BLOCK** IT.

I HAD A **CHOICE** TO
MAKE. I COULD GO IN
AND GET **BLASTED**...

...OR GET **OUT** OF THERE, GET
PROWL AND THE **OTHERS**,
AND TAKE THE DECEPTICON
ARMY DOWN. BUT WHO KNEW
HOW MUCH **TIME** I HAD?


WHAT WOULD
PRIME DO?



BUT THAT DOESN'T
MATTER, DOES IT?

I'M *NOT* OPTIMUS
PRIME, AND I
NEVER *WILL* BE.

WHAT MAKES
ME SPECIAL?




FOR ONE THING...
I USED TO BE A
SABOTEUR, BACK
IN THE WAR.



SO I FIGURED I
COULD *SNEAK* IN...

...AND *DISABLE*
THE *BRIDGE*
BEFORE IT
ACTIVATED.



OF COURSE, *LIFE*
HAS A FUNNY WAY OF
MESSING WITH YOUR
BEST DECISIONS.

MAYBE I
SHOULD'VE
KEPT ASKING
WHAT *PRIME*
WOULD DO...



AN AUTOBOT!

IT'S BUMBLEBEE!

GET HIM!

NO—EVERYONE, INTO THE BRIDGE!



I'LL LEAD THE CHARGE!

SOUNDWAVE, SHOCKWAVE, BLITZWING—FLANK ME.



STUNTIONS—KILL THE LITTLE YELLOW RUNT AND FOLLOW US IN.

YOU GOT IT.

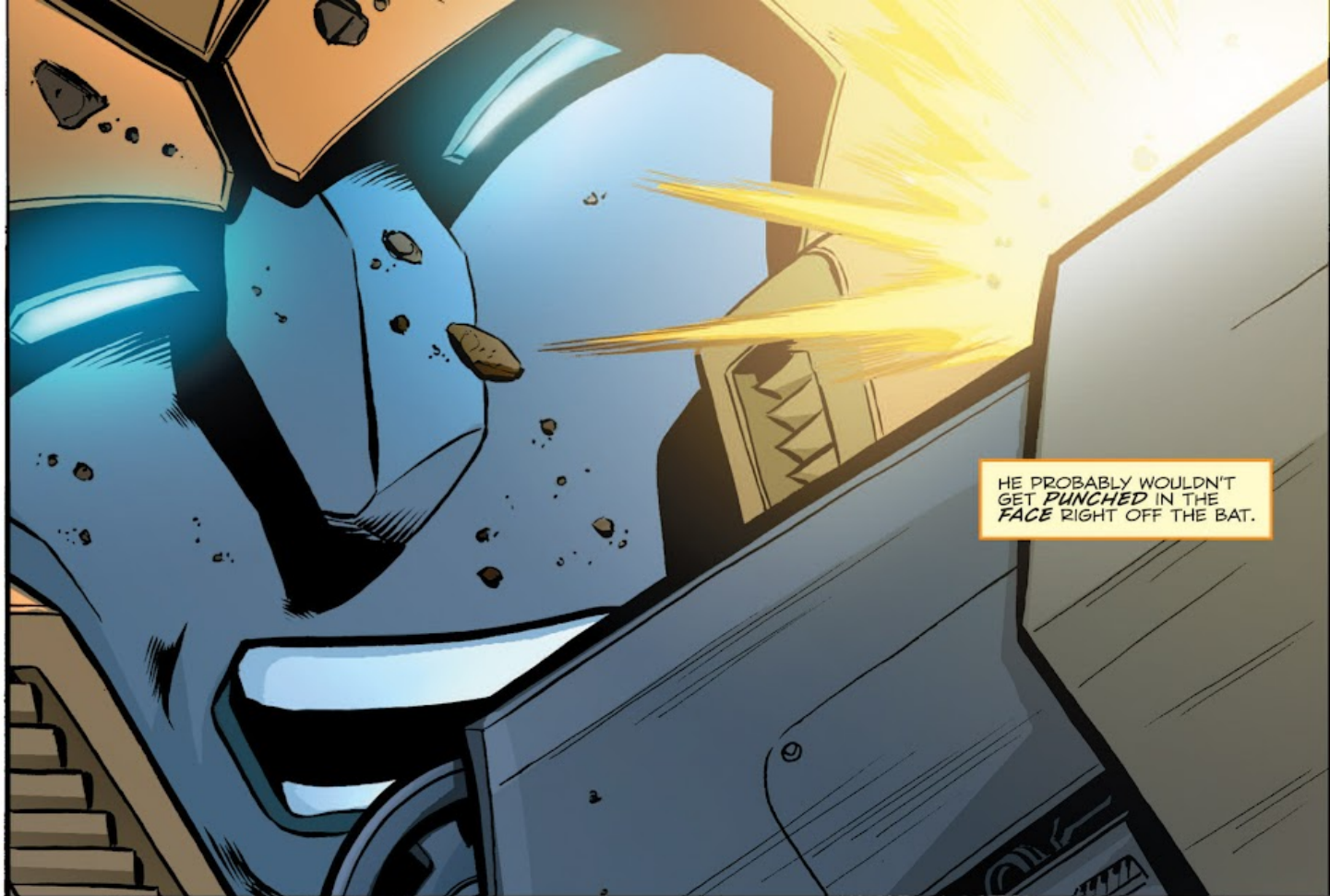
I OWE THE AUTOBOTS A LITTLE SOMETHIN', ANYWAY, STARGSCREAM!



THIS IS PRETTY MUCH WHERE I STARTED MY STORY...

NOW, HOW WOULD A REAL LEADER HANDLE THIS SITUATION?

WHAT WOULD PRIME DO?



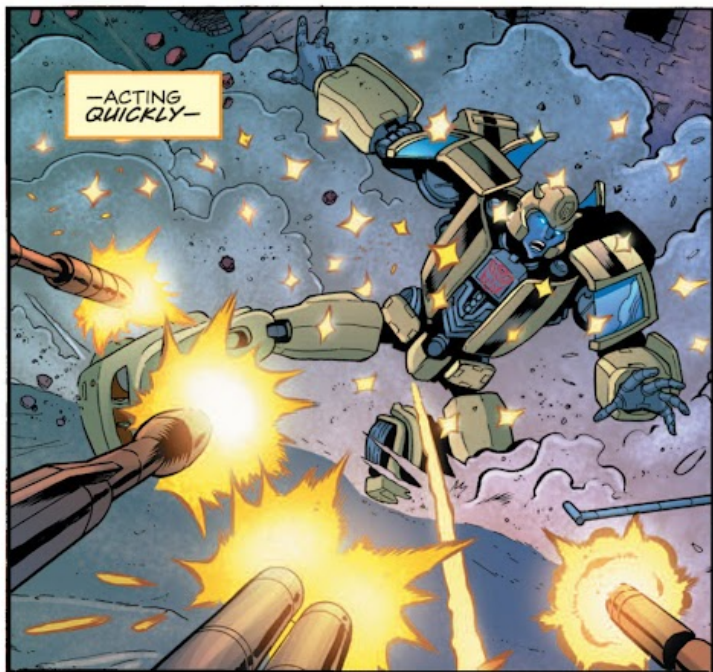
HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T
GET *PUNCHED* IN THE
FACE RIGHT OFF THE BAT.



BUT *THAT'S* NOT
WHAT'S IMPORTANT.
WHAT'S IMPORTANT
IS ACTING LIKE A
LEADER—



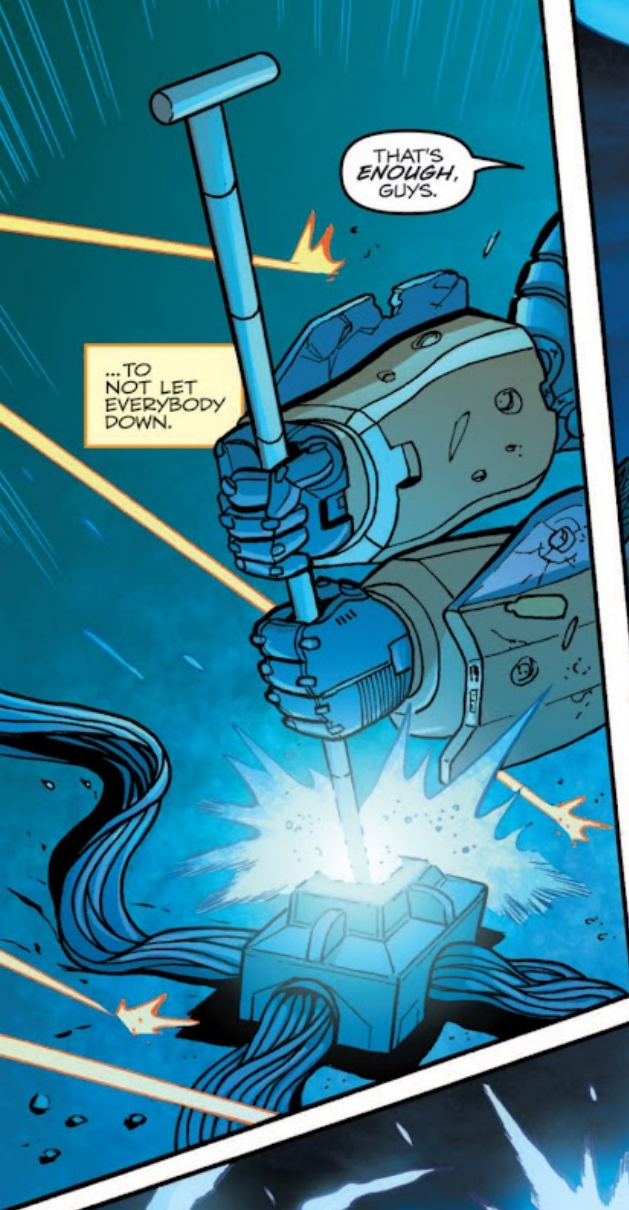
—ACTING
DECISIVELY—



—ACTING
QUICKLY—



—USING EVERYTHING
AT YOUR DISPOSAL
TO DO WHAT YOU
NEED TO DO...



THAT'S
ENOUGH,
GUYS.

...TO
NOT LET
EVERYBODY
DOWN.



WAIT!

DON'T
INTERRUPT
THE
POWER
FLOW!

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!



SURE,
I DO—



—I JUST
KNOW I
CAN TAKE
IT.



HUH.



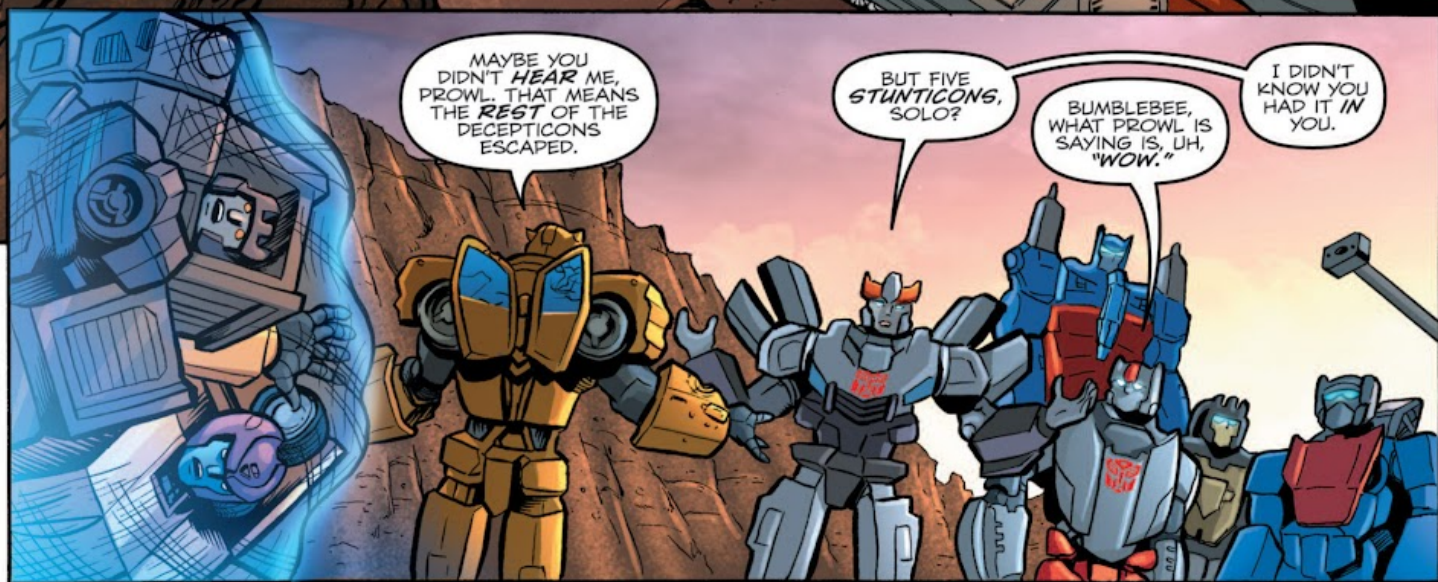
IT
WORKED.

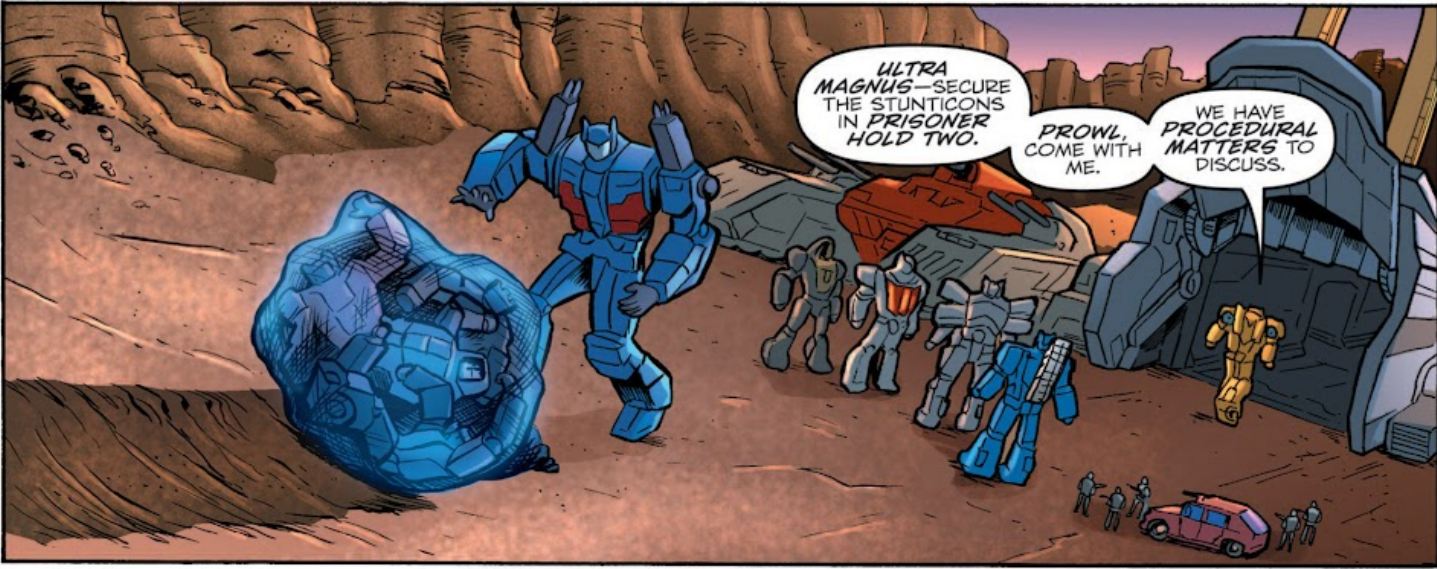
I GOTTA GET
WHEELJACK TO
MAKE ME ONE
OF THESE...

UNFORTUNATELY, ALL I DID WAS
SUCCEED IN STOPPING FIVE
STUNTIONS FROM JOINING THE
REST OF THE **DECEPTICONS**.

FIVE OUT OF
HUNDREDS.

YOU TOOK
DOWN ALL FIVE OF
THE STUNTICONS
ON YOUR OWN?





ULTRA
MAGNUS—SECURE
THE STUNTICONS
IN PRISONER
HOLD TWO.

PROWL,
COME WITH
ME.

WE HAVE
PROCEDURAL
MATTERS TO
DISCUSS.



LUCKY
YOU.

HUH.

WHAT'S
THAT MEAN,
PROWL?



MEANS
THE LITTLE
GUY'S GOT MORE
SPARK THAN I
GAVE HIM CREDIT
FOR, THESE LAST
COUPLE MILLION
YEARS.

TAKING DOWN
FIVE BAD GUYS
ON HIS OWN—AND
BLAMING HIMSELF
FOR NOT STOPPING
A HUNDRED
MORE?

AND THEN
COMING HOME
AND TAKING
CONTROL?



THAT'S
WHAT PRIME
WOULD DO.



TRANSFORMERS SOLO ADVENTURES CONTINUE!

THE TRANSFORMERS

SPOTLIGHT

SPOTLIGHT: TRAILCUTTER

Trailcutter has a problem: the *Lost Light* has been taken over by the Decepticons—and no one else seems to have noticed! Can the Autobots' defense strategist singlehandedly see off an army of infiltrators? And even if he does, will it convince his crew mates that he's got more to offer than kind words and forcefields?

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THE HARD PART BEGINS.

THE TRANSFORMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

#15

THE END OF THE WORLD!

When Cybertron collapses—who will pick up the pieces? Megatron stands poised to triumph—locked in final battle with Bumblebee, Starscream, and Metalhawk... with the all-new Devastator destroying the city! One will stand... the rest will fall.

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THINGS GET MESSY.

THE TRANSFORMERS

FORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

#15

DEATH IN THE RANKS!

Rodimus and his crew are confronted by the enemy within—and not everyone will survive the encounter. Everything has been building to this: all-out war aboard the *Lost Light*!

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